Volume LXI CHICAGO, JUNE 25, 1908 Number 17

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

THE TOWER HILL SUMMER SCHOOL WORK.

Many readers of UNITY, workers in progressive Sunday schools, have for many years kept aloof from this work, withheld their sympathy and support, in the conviction that its course was impractical or at best so peculiar that it could be worked only in the hands of the peculiar leader who, when he dies, will leave the Sunday School work, Tower Hill, UNITY, and all the activities connected therewith, fit only for a monument and an inscription. Perhaps the following testimony from one who has tried it, one who is quite innocent of the idiosyncrasies of the Director of the Tower Hill Summer School, may be instructive and reassuring in some quarters. The Tower Hill Summer School, as will be seen from advertisement elsewhere, enters upon its eighteenth year. This year it will concern itself with the central field of Sunday School instruction, the new Testament. Sunday School work and workers fail, not so much from defective plan as from defective preparation, inadequate information. Tower Hill spends but little time on methods, believing that where there is matter enough methods will be forthcoming.

A TESTIMONY.

For the past five years Unity Sunday School of Decorah, Iowa, has been using the Seven-Year Course of lessons as outlined by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in the Tower Hill Summer School. We have found them satisfactory, delightful and inspiring. All of our teachers like them, are in fact enthusiastic over them. We have found some changes necessary in adapting the course to the needs of our own school, but in the main we have used, with excellent results, the Tower Hill plan, both as to subject matter and methods of teaching. Some of the lessons we find rather hard to adapt to the primary grades, but not more so than any one-topic-course that is good for anything, while for all over the age of ten, every lesson of this course in The History of Religion has proved interesting and helpful. The children, with scarcely an exception, are deeply interested, and are prompt and regular in attendance. The chief reason for this, no doubt, is the personality and faithfulness of our teachers, but we are convinced the course of study has also much to do with it.

This year we have had rich browsing in pastures new, the Apocryphal Jewish literature of the centuries just before and after the birth of Jesus, when the Hebrew religion was coming in contact with the classical world. What a pity that this field of study, so essential to the understanding of the New Testament and the growth of Christianity, should be almost universally neglected by the Sunday Schools.

(Signed) Margaret T. Olmstead.
Decorah, Iowa, June 9, 1908.

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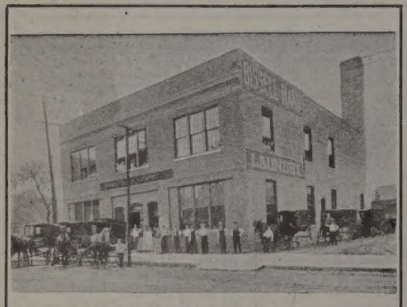

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1908 NUMBER 17

THOUGHTS AT NOON.

The stillness and the spell of the blue noon
I drank and felt a spirit from the sun
Of deep and utter bliss steal down on me,
Steeping my brain in peace. I seemed to be
At one with the Creator and at rest,
Sucking the sunbeam with no afterthought.
Surely 'tis much, I said, to be alive,
To have drawn beauty through the eye, the ear,
The nostril, to have breathed all wandering airs;
And seen this trembling glow, and heard, as now,
Birds warbling in aerial rivulets:
To have known these things and to thank God and die.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

"What Forestry Has Done" is the title of Circular No. 140 published by the Department of Agriculture at Washington. The facts and figures gathered from all around the world have a spiritual and ethical significance quite comparable with its mighty economic value. You can get it for the asking. Here again is material for the preacher and the school master more valuable than the "proceedings of the last denominational convention" or the report of the committee on church extension.

Country Time and Tide is one of the modest little quarterlies that come to our exchange table, published by Edward P. Pressey at New Clairvaux, Montague, Mass. Mr. Pressey was once an Unitarian minister; now he is a "Comrade in the Brotherhood of the Daily Life," carrying on a unique social experiment. Among many other things, it is an attempt to marry the garden and the crafts. The spring number of this issue contains a vigorous, searching study of "The Vision of the Puritan," with a Puritan bibliography. This little magazine is good reading for the preacher; it is worth while sending the twenty-five cents that will secure its visits for a year. It is in such manger spots as the New Clairvaux in Massachusetts that the great triumphing movements of the future are now being cradled.

The editorial sanctum and counting room of UNITY is again about to be transferred from boisterous Chicago to quiet Tower Hill, a change congenial to those who must make the wheels go round but not without menace to the machinery. Moving is bad for wheels and our readers will doubtless experience some jars and jolts. Many of them have got used to it by this time. The road that leads to Tower Hill is rough in spots, but then when we get there! We take UNITY with us for love's sake. We do not ask our readers to bear with us; we ask them to rejoice with us and to join with us in strengthening the foundations. Tower Hill for July and August will be the recruiting camp for the UNITY Regiment. We have not for a moment forgotten the task of the recruiting officer and we do not intend to let our readers forget it. The muster roll is still open.

The Republican National Convention has come and gone. Our forecast of last week has been in the main justified; it was pretty much as everybody expected. Clearly, the saving clause of the convention is William H. Taft, a man of great balance and proportions, a man so well proportioned that it is hard to estimate him. It takes long perspective to appreciate the power and dignity of really great architecture while everybody's attention is promptly called to a case of freak architecture. Unique lines are often mistaken for beauty lines and an unusual arrangement is sure of attention, perhaps over-attention. The convention "proceedings" were clearly one thing; the convention itself, the convictions and sympathies of the vast audience, quite another thing. The historian will take more note than the newspapers of the fact that the one burst of spontaneity, the greatest unmanufactured enthusiasm aroused in the convention, was by the kindling words of the young man from Wisconsin who put in nomination the youngest candidate from Wisconsin. It signifies but little that LaFollette had but twenty-five votes and those from his own state; it signifies much,—that burst of enthusiasm that could not be controlled. The chairman may have thought it "a Chicago mob" but in the light of history it will seem something very different. Representative Cooper of Wisconsin found no man on the Resolution committee to join with him in his minority report but he found the vast audience intensely interested; and although every one of his provisions was promptly voted down they were as promptly taken up by the public mind and they today represent the storm centers of the coming campaign.

The recently formed American commission to consider the means of bringing about the limitation of armaments held its first meeting in New York on June 11. The members of this American Committee of ten are Hon. Theodore E. Burton, Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Gen. Louis Wagner, president of the Third National Bank of Philadelphia;

Hon. John H. Stinness, ex-chief justice of Rhode Island; Hon. Charles S. Hamlin, of Boston; President E. D. Warfield, of Lafayette College; Dean George W. Kirchwey, of the Columbia University Law School, and Prof. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore College, the author of the work upon "The Two Hague Conferences." This commission, like similar commissions just created in England, Germany and France, is formed in response to the resolution of the last Hague Conference that in all nations earnest study should be given to the problem of the restriction of the burdensome armaments of the world. Acting upon this resolution, the International Peace Congress at Munich last autumn instructed the International Peace Bureau at Berne to organize, through its representatives in each nation, committees of able men in all the leading countries to make thorough studies of the problem and duly make recommendations as to the steps to be taken to secure a limitation of armaments and gradually their proportionate reduction. It was felt that the clear logic of The Hague convention prescribes the steady decrease of the machinery for the arbitrament of international differences by war corresponding to the steady and now so great development of the machinery of their arbitrament by law; and it is hoped that the recommendations which will result from the united studies of these able voluntary bodies in the several nations will furnish a practical program of high value to the government. At the meeting in New York, Hon. Theodore E. Burton, of Ohio, was elected chairman of the American Commission. This is the hopeful side of the problem of which the "big stick" and "big navy" is discouraging side. We hope the Republican party has nominated not a "secretary of war" but an eminent civic judge for the next president.

"The Playground Association" of Chicago may carry with it a leisure class suggestion to the casual reader but to the ten thousand people who were gathered last Saturday night at Ogden Park to witness this Association at work there was no suggestion either of leisure or of class but rather a most triumphant mingling of the classes in a benign mass It was great fun to the ten thousand to watch the rapid succession of marches, dances, gymnastic stunts on this great open-air platform erected in the middle of one of the new small parks of the city of Chicago. Lithuanian, Scandinavian, Hibernian and all the other "ians" of Europe came on in costume, men and women, boys and girls, and did the things that represent the most joyous life of their fatherland; did it in a way to arouse old land memories and to command new land respect and confidence. The program began in the morning and continued all day, late into the night. Sixteen or more field houses, all built and fostered by the paternal hand of the municipality, contributed to the program. The schedule was reduced to the most exact time limits,—ten, fifteen, twenty minute stunts,—and, most remarkable, with very few exceptions, thanks to the admirable management, this serious display of fun was run on schedule time. What would seem to be ample seating arrangement was provided, but back of the last seats were tiers upon tiers of happy people. There was no disorder, no boisterousness. Police were in evidence everywhere but they were there to take care of the children, to guide the ladies to places of comfort, to render assistance to the feeble, the sick or the scared. Altogether the only incongruous thing about them was the billy in the belt which was wholly a useless encumbrance. It was a great and beautiful achievement of democracy. It shows how Chicago on the aside is counteracting the cruel, coarse, and selfish forces by the benign and unobtrusive but potent machinery that is being organized and kept going by the various settlement, center, humanitarian and social activities that find their justification and encouragement in the public service in civic uplift. It was one more forcible reminder of George Eliot's most prophetic dictum,—"Important as it is to direct the industries of the world, it is not so important as to wisely direct the leisure (the amusements) of the world."

"Poor negro!" "The negro educational experiment a failure!" "The bad negroes are the educated negroes!" "The negro's place in society is getting harder and harder!" "The color problem in the south is getting more and more desperate!" Don't you believe it, friend! There is no basis for these pessimistic wails and reactionary explosions which simply indicate the surviving superstitions of the old regime, the vanishing end of age-long prejudices; and prejudices always blindfold the eyes, rendering them incapable of seeing things as they are. We challenge anybody who reads carefully the Atlanta University Publication No. 12, a book of 184 pages published under the patronage of the Carnegie institution at Washington on "Economic Co-operation Among Negro Americans," to join with a free conscience the above foolish, false notes of alarm. The traveler through the south and elsewhere does indeed see gathering around the saloons and the low-down dives and occasionally at the railway stations the "low-down darkey" as he does the "low-down white man,"—idle, dissipated, more generally imbecile and inefficient, sometimes vicious and dangerous. But he will also see, if his eyes are open, an ever increasing number of self-respecting, self-directing colored people handling mails, express matter, enjoying the confidence of large industrial plants, cultivated men and women. He will see them successfully tilling their own land, marketing their own produce, buying with discretion that which they most need, and carrying their children to and from school. He will meet an increasing number of them in the graduating classes of all institutions to which they are eligible; he will see them attending to their own business, winning more and more the confidence of their neghbors, black and white, political agitators and timid men and women

everywhere, unpardonable legislation notwithstanding. Even in the south he will see the colored voter steadily but surely winning his way to the ballot, the inalienable right of an intelligent, self-respecting and self-directing citizen in a republic, of whatever color. All this the unscientific but impartial traveler will note as he travels through the south as well as through the north, but the full significance of these facts can be appreciated only by him who studies carefully the statistical accumulation of these facts which find their last and on that account most authoritative compilation in publication No. 12 alluded to above. Send one dollar for it to the Atlanta University Press, Atlanta, Ga. After turning these pages one will read with a new sense of their impressive truthfulness the words of H. G. Wells quoted on cover page:

"There is no more evil things in this present world than Race Prejudice; none at all. I write deliberately—it is the worst single thing in life now. It justifies and holds together more baseness, cruelty and abomination than any other sort of error in the world. Through its body runs the black blood of coarse lust, suspicion, jealousy and persecution and all the darkest poisons of the human soul."

Since writing the above we have read Ray Stannard Baker's last article in the *America Magazine* for July on "The Black Man's Silent Power," which we take great pleasure in commending to our readers as high corroboratory testimony to the views expressed above. Note particularly the business exhibit of the black man in Richmond, Va.

The Promises of June

In our northern states June is the month of roses. The May of the poets with its buds and blossoms, its nesting birds and fresh gardens comes to us in June. The spring hopes deferred in May, the "late season" deplored each year by the farmer and the gardener in the north middle west, always treated as a surprise and a regret, though this unexpected always happens, all give way when June days come. Then nature hurries up and arrives on schedule time when the Fourth of July arrives.

All the bloom and promise of nature in June is becoming more and more a setting to the still more joyous pageant of human nature, with its ever increasing line of "graduates." The beautiful promises of commencement days with their picnics, their orations and their diplomas is a civic phenomena, a spiritual revealment of such vast significance that to the thoughtful they become sublime.

For the brief days of June at least politics with its jarring discords, labor of every kind with its sweat and hurry, ever aggressive commercialism with its gradgrind demand for practicality and utilitarian boast, are haloed in ideality. Then the "sweet girl graduates" and the "brave boy orators" occupy the center of the stage. Listen to them while they talk of the "tender associations that are about to be broken," the "strenuous life and high responsibilities" that await them, with a sense of awe and not of humor. Let no one despise these dreams of youth or dismiss them as over-florid rhetoric. Let the boys and girls do their best and they will fail from under, not from over-statement.

In June democracy grows beautiful and fragrant as a rose garden in the United States of America. Religious bigotry, partisan bitterness and class distinctions fade on commencement day. The blacksmith's daughter and the washerwoman's son carry off the honors oftentimes and their classmates, who ride in automobiles, join in the applause and the appreciation.

It has been the privilege of the writer to take part in some sixteen different "Commencement Exercises" during this budding season of roses, lilies and graduates. These exercises have reached from those of the State University of Louisiana at Baton Rouge, to those of Ripon College in the thrifty little compact and Puritan city of that name in Wisconsin. Something in the neighborhood of five hundred graduates, boys and girls, have formed the little section of the great review that the Senior Editor of UNITY was permitted to inspect, and everywhere the same reassurance of democracy, the same pledge of brotherhood, was manifest. The graduates of the American schools, from the kindergarten to the university, whether private or public, are hostages to progress.

In the plain big hall on the Baton Rouge campus the Baccalaureate sermon was delivered on Sunday morning, and all the churches in that beautiful little city of thirty thousand were closed that the citizens might meet with students and faculty on the common ground of culture, and the pastors were on the platform taking part in the service. Science and literature, philosophy and art, are undisturbed by the distinctions of sect, party or class. The wall back of the speaker was decorated with a life-size portrait of Gen. W. T. Sherman, the first president of the institution; a glimpse of the original buildings was shown us through the window in the picture. These he left regretfully to take up the challenge of secession. He went to defend the flag, while a majority of the faculty, some of his dearest friends, as sadly left for the other side. On the same wall hung equestrian portraits of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Indeed, the present campus is a transformed and glorified barracks of the United States army. The boys and girls, a thousand and more strong, marched in under the flag, wearing cadet uniforms, marshaled by United States officers. Here literally swords have been beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks.

At Harvey, Illinois, the high school students arranged for a Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday afternoon. The Catholic Father gave the invocation, the Baptist pastor read the scripture, the Methodist parson gave the benediction and the Senior Editor of UNITY preached the sermon, while the splendid hall in the high school building was crowded with what seemed

to be the bulk of the citizens of the progressive and thriving town. This service was prophetic of the something better than even the non-sectarian attitude of our public schools, which is now their high contention, viz., a pan-sectarian fellowship that is to come when the various phases of religious feeling and organization will have outgrown their suspicions and their timidities and will heartily rejoice in their common aims and will be glad of the privilege of meeting as often as possible on the common ground occupied by the school children and their teachers.

In the pretty little town of Mishawaka, Indiana, and several other places, Catholics and Protestants sat side by side on the public school platform on graduation day. The Principal of the high school at this place is a woman who was graduating her thirteenth class.

At Sullivan, Illinois, a pretty, thriving country seat on the borders of "Egypt," we found a town that has been "dry" for three years and none of the threatened calamities have over taken it. It has continued to prosper; the business men have lost their anxieties, and there is no courege left on the part of the "wet" citizens to bring the question again to ballot, public sentiment is so confirmed against it. Of course the school in this town is the object of fond support.

At Bryan, Ohio, we found a public school "personage" which claims to be one of the two such public buildings in this country. The city has built a home for its superintendent of schools, and the present incumbent has signed for the second time a three years' contract. Here is a hint of a secular ministry, an academic pastorate, that ought to show wisdom to the peripatetic preacher and the ever candidating parish.

At Portland, Indiana, the county seat of Jay county, there was a double program. In the afternoon in the Methodist church, the largest auditorium of the town, the graduates of the common schools of the county were gathered. It was a most unique and inspiring occasion. A class of one hundred seventy-seven boys and girls coming from the little red school houses at the corners, the grammar schools of half a dozen villages, came with their banners, their parents and their school officers to the county seat and when the time came, rose in township lots, two dozen or more of them, and received from the hands of the county superintendent the certificate that testified to the fact that "they had completed the prescribed course of study of the Common Schools of Indiana." In this southeast section of Indiana the boys quite held their own with the girls in number, and the surprising revelation of the County Superintendent that in that county this last year two-thirds of the country schools have been taught by young men may have had something to do with this successful competition of the boys, which in most of the graduating classes, particularly of city high schools, are hopelessly vanquished in point of numbers, by the girls. But the high school graduation in the opera house in the evening at Portland, presented also its complement of boys.

At Peru, Illinois, an industrial town with a large foreign population, the majority of which are German, the public school graduation program was conducted without any recognition of religion; no preacher, as such, was on the platform; there was no "invocation" or "benediction." But there was no absence of seriousness or conscious emphasis on the fundamentals of ethics and the essentials of religion. It showed the elasticity of the American mind and the public school system readily conforming to varying conditions, its great capacity for adjustment.

At DeKalb, Illinois, the public school children, marshaled by the faculty of the normal school, took the leadership in a most impressive celebration of Decoration Day, the exercises of which were fittingly held in the normal school hall.

At Ripon we found what has been for years a starveling representative of the "small denominational college" class. It is a college born out of missionary heroism, and has lived its fifty and more years with a fortitude that seemed almost forlorn, it is now putting on new vigor. Under the efficient management of the young President, Dr. Hughes, the alumni have awakened, classes have filled up in many unexpected ways. The small college, the college with a purpose, the college with a distinctive religious bias, is being vindicated. When the dogmatism and creedal quality are ameliorated or abolished out of such colleges it will become clear that their contribution in the past, the value of which none can deny, is to be continued by a contribution equally great in the future. It is a great thing in the undergraduate year, the still unformed life of boys and girls, to come under the conscious ethical and spiritual guardianship and direction, such as is possible in a small college where every boy and girl comes into direct personal contact with every member of the faculty and where the character-forming forces are ever in evidence as well as in mind, on the campus, in the class-room and in the community.

At the Hillside Home School we see such a rural school slowly bursting the bounds of the words heretofore modestly indicating its circumference,—"Home" and "Private," as it assumes the proportions of a public institution of learning with its alumni scattered far and near, its sixteenth graduating class numbering eleven. Here the program was cut into two parts. The graduating theses were delivered in the morning with the usual musical settings and then an adjournment was taken and students, parents, teachers and neighbors took picnic dinner under the trees. After this there was another coming together to listen to the "Address" and to witness the delivery of the diplomas, the natural climax of all graduating exercises, gaining in impressiveness with the closeness of the personal touch and the intensity of the fellowship and love which represent the academic plus at graduation time. This Hillside Home School has a maximum of the plus, for the whole community constitutes

a conscious part of the school environment, and the school is emphatically a social center as well as class room and lecture hall to the pupils.

The versatility, variety and large sociological range of the graduating function is easily stated but hard to realize. It seemed a far cry from Ripon College and the Louisian State University to the Hillside Home School, but the line reaches on and beyond to the Chicago Law School whose Baccalaureate sermon was preached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre on a Sunday morning, the score or more of graduates of the Training School of the Frances Willard Hospital, one of the two hospitals in the world committed to non-alcoholic treatment of its patients, and the fifteen or sixteen graduates of the Kindergarten Training School in connection with the Chicago Commons, one member of which class is a "Shut-In" patient in Mississippi, who in her invalid chair has accomplished in six years what her more favored class mates accomplished in two years, but her well-earned diploma sought her by mail. And these are but small sections of the youthful column that in June signals across the mountain ranges of difficulty to the hard-pressed Old Guard at battle centers, the message which General Sherman forty-four years ago signaled across the hills of Georgia to the valiant band at Altoona that seemed to be waging a losing battle against an overwhelming foe, "Hold the fort, for I am coming!"

There are still those who are mourning and grieving in anticipation of the defeats and the disappointments, the disasters and the death that will come when the old ones, the tried ones, and presumably the only ones competent to hold the lines, are dead. In every community there are those who would be cheerful, who would give support, even enjoy the struggle, who are deterred by the grewsome distrust of the future. There are such in our household of faith; they would gladly give support to UNITY, the various activities it stands for—Congress, Centres, summer schools, what not,—were it not for the ominous fact that the Old Guard is dying and that pretty soon they will all be dead,—and then what?

O, ye of little faith, consider the June lilies and the June graduates and realize that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Trust God nor be afraid!

Spinsterhood

I have looked on the king. From out of the North he came:
The world was busy and blind: but my heart took wing
At the light in his face, and the truth swept out like a flame,
And I said, " 'Tis the king!"

The depths of my soul felt the breath of a strange new word,
And an unfledged joy I bore on my breast unseen.
All my life dreamed into the voice that my spirit heard,
Singing, "Thou art the queen."

But the king passed by with never a glance at me;
He was gazing aloft at a star, or down at a stone,
With a brow that pondered and eyes that were keen to see.

. . . . . .

And I wait, alone.

—*"Jane Carmyn," in Atlantic Monthly for June.*

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER XI.

The Poet-Preacher.

The young men who read with Professor Swing can never forget those high and luminous hours. To hear him read "The Grammarian's Funeral" of Robert Browning was to see a flash of the victorious spirit of the renaissance, and to feel that he lived in that day he would have found such a grave himself. His brief sayings about books, like his characterizations of men, were pithy and picturesque, and one enjoyed them even when one could in no wise agree with them. Some examples are these:

"Browning's thoughts are indeed silk, but it is difficult to pull quickly out of his tangled style a long needle full of good thread."

"The spirit of Henry James is not that of Mephistopheles, who called himself the spirit which ignores. He ignores the large things for the sake of the small."

"Matthew Arnold was fully capable of taking in all the landscapes of life, but something turned him aside and made him gaze at only a little gallery of ideals. His genius needed only one thing—kindness."

"Thomas Carlyle had tremendous intellectual power, but his conclusions came not from pure logic but from impatience. He would have made a good sculptor if a Venus or a Minerva could have been blown out of a marble by means of gunpowder."

"In Dante there is large amount of filling in, literary sutffing. The Inferno is great in paragraphs. The whole book is like a railway journey through a wide country which offers a beautiful scene once in each ten miles, but which much of the time passes through a tame landscape."

"Sumner and Phillips were broad in all the meanings of that word, but their fame came at last from their narrowness. A saint is a soul so condensed as to become a power. Men become great not by their learning and wide sentiments but by their limitations."

"In George MacDonald our religion was reinstated. In his works the gates of hell are made a little narrower, so that not quite so many are forced through them. There was much of the mystic in him and somewhat of the angel."

"The ethics of Bronson Alcott was that of Benjamin Franklin, highly spiritualized and richly adorned, but still the ethics of simplicity, economy, honesty and humanity. The vagaries of his mysticism did no harm; they were only the uncertain horizon which always distinguishes the ocean from a frog pond."

"'The Light of Asia' is moonlight rather than sunlight, gentle rather than powerful. In it man strolled as a dreamer, not as a thinker. It is eastern philosophy magnified by the lucid genius of the west, as Hiawatha or the Greek slave are many times more divine that the originals."

"Saint Augustine came nearest of all the great men of history to having lived and died in a glass house. Each soul dwells in the dark and dies alone, but his 'Confessions' show us a soul living in a transparent tenement. Great as is the public aversion to an egotist, such self-exhibitors are useful. They mirror not only themselves but their age."

"All that Tolstoi brings us is new. He is a new spectator and delineator of the endless human scene. He has no page like a page of Hugo or Dickens, no sentence like an antithesis of Macauley, no details of nature like that of the 'Stonemason' of Lamartine. He is a great creative genius—marred, as it now seems, by a touch of the monstrosity of asceticism which once inhabited Asia and the edges of the Christian world."

No less than six volumes have been compiled in the effort to make the book of the wisdom of David Swing—a tribute to the wealth of his common sense. It was this that led Whittier to refer to him, happily but most inaptly, as "our later Franklin." The Poor Richard of our higher economies was Emerson, and in that role he is quite alone. The pages of David Swing are rich in simple, homely wisdom, but it is diffuse and pervasive and does not easily crystallize into stars for the guidance of life. Drop your eye upon his page where you will, some difficult thought set in a

perfect phrase, or the glint of an exquisite fancy, will meet you. But when taken out of the context most of his sayings, while striking enough, lose much of their luster, as a flower wilts when plucked. He was no maxim monger, least of all a maker of smart paradoxes, nor did he say things backwards in order to puzzle. Still, many of his aphorisms are unforgettable:

It is easy to be either of two things when neither of the things can be understood.

Where there is laughter a heretic may feel perfectly safe.

He who travels much will soon have nothing to carry.

Men must be kind to young ideas; each truth is the presence of God.

Wealth is valuable only when it is a partner of the soul.

All reporters should have a pension when they tell the truth.

The baneful power of superstition lies in the fact that man is religious.

There is no competition in culture. The fine arts travel in a group. No art can endure isolation.

The wooden plow has not grown any more rapdly than the wooden god.

Man is not by nature totally depraved, he is only totally lazy.

Music is the most universal of the arts. Put a king in disguise and he will follow a brass band like a boy.

The newspaper hauls the rough marble out of which the historian builds an eternal temple.

Each great false dogma acting in long time makes the kind of heart it needs.

Each heart should read its own mass over its own dead.

Egotism is the nomination and election and coronation of self.

The past was accustomed to burn men for opinion's sake; now we burn the opinions and let the men live.

Many repetitions and much time do not confer truthfulness upon a remark.

If there is anything sweeter than honey it is the study of the bee.

The essays on looking backward and looking forward ought to be attended by an essay on looking around our feet.

Of a deep and difficult problem we must, all things being equal, take the richer, sweeter side.

To be too near any one thing—that is fanaticism.

In ignorance minds may unite, but as they think they move toward variety. Thought opens like a fan, but it never closes again.

Capital is the storehouse of seeds, labor is their field, their soil, their rain, their summer time.

We cannot consecrate a little child, but a little child may consecrate us.

Ritualism often ends by becoming the tropical efflorescence of human vanity.

A materialist is a soul domesticated out of its immortality.

Zululand is full of conservatives.

The quality of his wisdom—his sense of values, of limits, of uses, of humor—is perhaps better seen in his longer paragraphs, but space permits only a few illustrations. He was apt and happy in allusion, especially to the classics, and all through his pages one feels a tonic of enthusiasm, keen satire of shams, and faith in man.

"Education is the awakening of the heart, it is life, vitality, the arousing of the spirit. It is not the amassing of truth, like pouring water into a cistern; it is opening a spring. Education must not ruin itself by making the heart so sensitive that it faints at the sight of a criminal or a fool, or sits down and sulks refusing to march any longer to the optimistic music. Christ-like is the culture which, seeing the griefs of the world, runs toward them with healing in its heart, not away from them as Goethe did."

"One of the most attractive passage of Virgil is where, at the prayers of Juno, Æolus smote the hollow mountain with his spear and let lose the winds, that they might sweep over the deep. With a shout they leave the mountain and soon they are rolling along before them great waves and are tossing the ships at sea. Darkness and thunder hasten to mingle in the tumult. Not in such terror but in such beauty are to be seen great intellectual forces rushing forth from the mountain of learning. Influences cross and recross our world wider and deeper and more powerful than the winds of Æolus."

"The vast marble quarries near old Athens were useless until Greek culture came. Mount Pentelicus was composed wholly of white marble, the best on our globe. Happy world when Greek genius touched it, spiritualizing it, and made it tell the story of beauty and piety and progress. Emblem, this, of our new mountain of marble—not Pentelicus, but America—our liberty, our religion; a rich quarry, but waiting for the touch of new genius. What a land were this, could it only be spiritualized."

"The classics tell of a lake called Avernus. Avernus means birdless. Located in the crater of an extinct volcano a poisonous air, issuing from the infernal depths, hung over the dark water and stupefied the sense of any bird that tried to pass from shore to shore. Suddenly the wing became powerless and the eagle with his pride and the nightingale with its song fell into the waters of death. There is a lake of pleasure, of folly, of sin, lying near the homes of the young. A deadly air hangs over it. Forgetful or ignorant of its fatal vapors, the young spread their wings upon its hither shore—those wings that were made in heaven and good enough for angels. But at last their flight is checked and they fall into the dark flood."

"Let us learn to be content with what we have. Let us get rid of false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of genius; a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has."

And, with this, Swing had the incomparable gift of being humorous without allowing himself to become a humorist. It was good humor, spontaneous and gentle, having the two ingredients which Meredith—master of humor—said all true humor has "salt and soul"—the quick perception of incongruity and the power of loving and forgiving while it mocked at human weakness. Sometimes, indeed, it was that sweet, subtle, half-pathetic humor which is close akin to tears. Always it was modest and unobstrusive, and was displayed only at fit time and place. No gleam of eye, no tone of voice prepared his hearers for anything funny in his slow, quiet words, and when one or two of the quickest minds saw the ripple, it still took two or three seconds for comprehension to percolate all layers of the audience. Then the fun, which was at first but a trickle, swelled into wave upon wave of laughter. Nor did he deem it improper to use humor in the pulpit, any more than when the Master used it in parable and story. For humor is sanity, a sense of distances, of proportions, of values, and who so recognizes values is not to be deluded in this valley of illusions, where the petty so often imposes itself to hide the realities. With all his benignity there was, in his satire, an occasional flash of a sleeping lightning which he would not use. So pervasive a quality as his humor needs no special illustration, but only a few lines:

Nothing was absent from the old theology except religion.

Absentmindedness seldom takes the form of mistaking our neighbor's cotton umbrella for our silk one.

A lawyer will say as much over a case involving twenty-five dollars as Cicero said in defense of the poet Archais.

When a youth comes back from college bringing with him a rare assortment of walking stocks, and an extreme attachment to the articles of his toilet, he has evidently met with education in only its gentlest form.

As a plunderer Pollio had acquired wealth, as a stealer of statues he had cultivated taste, and as a failure in war he had leisure.

Jephthah offered up his daughter, and Agammemnon offered up Iphigenia. Those old oracles bore down heavily upon the religious man's relations.

Many of those who seek amusement have never had an introduction to the Muses. The more an age seeks the one aim of amusement the less happy it will become.

The stupid animals that live in shells, the snail, the clam, the oyster, close their pearly gates and go into retirement the instant anything except soft water touches them. Some men mistake touchiness for refinement and culture.

The clergymen who went to the last general assembly traveled by rapid cars, but the cars did not impart any swiftness to their intellect. The intellect of the church always travels in the oxen's cart.

A curious world—if a man does not work for pay he will starve; if he does his profession will starve.

It was the custom of the old theologians not to be ignorant of anything, but always to know the whole reason—and there are men yet living of that class.

As the doctor adds to his labels and definitions his patrons add to their infirmities by law of sympathy. The discovery of a cure has often come in advance of the disease.

It ought to be a difficult question with a cultivated mind how to go back and become an idiot gracefully.

Better is it to express ten ideas in one language than to utter one idea in ten languages.

More things are overdone in the parlor than in the kitchen.

The sermon is the poppy of literature.

Like all optimists Swing loved the twilight, and not since Newman has there been another such master of wistful, brooding pathos. His view of life was pensive—that of a brave, sweet, smiling sadness—the outlook of one whom experience had taken below the surface of things, some way down into the mystery and sorrow of mortal years. His normal mood was delicately poised between mirth and melancholy, and it was sometimes difficult to know whether it was "humor just ready to sadden into pathos or pathos about to gleam into humor." The motions of his mind were always as smooth as light, as silent as shadows, and he withdrew himself as saints of old into their chambers. In such sermons as The Dim Glass, The Strange Path of the Soul, The Night of Time, The Solitude of the Earth, Gone Beyond the Veil, and God Cares for Our Dead—this last one of the noblest utterances in any tongue—we see him musing in the twilight, as it were, of what might be the meaning of it all. He had seen many bright faces fade, many shadows fall. He had seen one man fail and another succeed, and both grow weary. Those whom he loved had died, yet the mystery of their parting was not more strange than the mystery of their presence. Like Thoreau, he could not grieve for that he had not ceased to wonder.

To follow him in these musings is to walk down long lanes of leafy prose at dusk, as night draws her veil of shadow over the scene. The wonder of it is the delicate and suggestive vesture of language with which simple thoughts were clothed; the remote and haunting echoes which were gathered and bidden to linger in his words. In fact, the appeal of these sermons to thoughtful and meditative natures was mainly that all such could recognize their own thoughts moving through the rich and dusky veils of his style, and hardly know them, so strangely were they glorified. Thus, in "A Funeral Sermon for Many Dead," we read:

"Man is not foolishly attached to his life; he is divinely bound. Great friendships, great duties, great purposes chain his foot to this earthly shore. He does not willingly go away; he is taken. It is not that man goes, but that God comes. * * * The ponderous and silent machinery of nature carries forward the entire human race, and, without fail, drops them into one final sleep. Our world is remarkable not only for those who live in it, but on account of those who have gone from it. What a pageant of human excellence could the past be reassembled once more upon the earth. The immensity of the human race far back of us awes one. Its absence now makes every head bow low and repeat softly the words, 'I know that I, too, must go the way of all the earth and return no more.' And in the inevitable there is peace. * * * It is a dim and shadowy path, but its breadth amounts to a grandeur. The isolated soul need not shrink from obeying a call to journey along a road so full of human footprints and so bordered with altars erected to God. Many in the last year moved along this strange path of the soul. In what loneliness they went! The father without the child, the wife without the husband, the judge without the court, the statesman unattended, the little child with no arm about it. In what silent dignity they go, their faces all turned in one direction, toward the infinite. We who are compelled to watch their moving figures have no power to detain, and can only to say farewell and then weep. The silence of the death chamber comes from the powerlessness of the living and the dying. Nothing can be said or done. The path of the soul leads away from the earth, to one who made the race come in silence and who makes it in silence go away—One too invisible to be seen or heard and too spiritual to be approached by man's earthly body. But to go hence is really no more wonderful than to come hither. Your grave in the grass is more tearful than the universe only because it is your own—the fact that it is your mystery. * * * In these moments of sad reverie we take refuge with Christ. Man came from the Father, into the world of the Father, and he will go back to the Father. In the house of our Father there are many rooms."

But it was in his letters of comfort to the sorrowing that one saw the depths of his wise and tender heart, as when he wrote to his friends, the Talcotts, who had lost a sweet child:

"Dear Friends: It is the mistake often of those who have lost some loved one to think that they must attempt to recover from the awful shock and separation. No educated mind ought ever to recover fully from such wounds of the spirit. Are we to suppose that Edmund Burke ever forgot for a day the death of his son? Did Hallam feel for a few months only the absence of his idolized boy? The tears must last while the absence continues. The sad memories which death brings are a part of our education. Under the influence of an absent soul the heart softens, and man goes forth each day more a friend of his race and more of a worshiper of God. The death of a friend exalts those who remain to weep. But sorrow must ennoble duty, not end it. We must so feel that death is a part of God's plan and God's love, that the grave of a lost one must seem attached to the work we are to do. These tombs and these duties are entangled. We cannot separate them. We cannot put asunder what God has joined together. May all who mourn have such a faith in the teachings of our common religion that each absent one may make duty more sacred, happiness higher and deeper, and heaven nearer. Yours as ever, DAVID SWING."

Some day a loving hand will glean from the pages of David Swing one of the richest volumes of patriotic lore in our language. As a young man he felt the spell of Henry Clay, and later the stupendous tragedy of the Civil War swept before his eyes. To him that was a holy conflict—the invocation of humanity against inhumanity, at once a Nemesis of national sin and the birth-throes of a new era. He was fond of recalling its large personalities—Phillips, Sumner, Beecher and others, gathered about the rugged figure of Lincoln—as they stand on the distant slopes of fame. He believed in "American Ideas" and "An American Religion" with a patriotic faith to whose forefancy no destiny was too fair for our native land. Add to this his vision of Christianity as a civilization, and you have one of the ringing, inspiring notes of his ministry. Here lay the secret of his wise and unremitting interest in social problems. He held that the religion of Christ could be so preached, so lived, and so applied to life that a cold materialism would nowhere be taught, and that statesmen would begin their careers by a study of Christ as a teacher of nations. It was appropriate that such a melodious soul should deliver his message in Music Hall, using here a stop of history, there a stop of science, and yonder a stop of poetry, to play the music of a simpler and greater faith.

Of the influence of a man like Swing one cannot speak with precision. As truth came to him so he sought to give it to others in a form befitting its beauty, never forgetting that the worst heresy is to clothe sacred truth in the rags of cant. He scorned to separate the sacred from the secular, as he scorned to separate faith and reason, such schism being in his view a retreat and not a victory. To him religion and life were one or neither was anything. All over the land are men who owe to him their souls, what faith they have for to-day and what hope for to-morrow. It is as an atmosphere that he lives, an atmosphere of sweetness and light, a gulf-stream of influence melting the hardness of the world and ameliorating its spiritual climate. It was good to know him and to love him, for he was a man made to be loved, and to many the world has never seemed quite the same since the heavens received him out of sight.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Separation of Pulpit from the Classroom.

The *Biblical World* for June presents an editorial containing the statement, "One of the greatest dangers in the religious world at present is the divorce of practical religion workers from scientifically trained students." Is not this lack of harmony seen in the separation of the pulpit from the classroom? One hears constantly, "A minister should not bring his workshop into his pulpit." It is true that there are many things of a purely technical nature which cannot properly be treated in a sermon. But is not this saying sometimes made use of to justify a disinclination to see the minister the same person among his people that he is among his books? There must be a discrepancy so long as the average church continues to approach the gospel according to the method of authority, while the school is definitely committed to the scientific method.

The Men's League.

The Brotherhood movement among various denominations is occupying quite a degree of attention at present. While nominally each Brotherhood is strictly a denominational movement, the movement itself may result in strengthening the bond of unity among the churches. It is being carried on simultaneously in several denominations, and its emphasis is upon things practical rather than doctrinal. It has in it possibilities for enlisting men under the inspiration of the churches for the service of humanity, if it does not fall the victim of the professional evangelist.

Humanitarian or Politician?

There has been a rumor to the effect that a number of negroes who felt that they were not receiving just recognition from the Roosevelt-Taft faction of the Republican Party are inclined to look to Senator Foraker as the champion of their cause, and that they have been to some extent encouraged by the political interests allied against Taft. One cannot help questioning whether the concern of some of the Republican leaders, who owe their continuance in office largely to the negro vote, is as genuine as we might wish it. It will be difficult for the public seriously to consider some of these men as the logical successors of Phillips and Garrison.

An Example of Christian Unity.

The *Christian Socialist* of June 15 contains an account of the Third Annual Conference of the Christian Socialist Fellowship, held in New York recently. The meeting seems to have attracted some attention and to have been the occasion for gathering some of the ablest men connected with the Socialist movement. Whatever be our convictions about the merits of the cause which drew these men together, two facts connected with the meeting are worthy of note. First, it is an attempt to give Christianity a vital instead of a creedal interpretation. Second, the fact that people of various sects and creeds could forget entirely their theological differences, unity will be possible when Christian people really make up their minds to do something toward solving present problems. So far as we can learn, there is no "evangelical test" for active membership in the Christian Socialist Fellowship. Churches and Y. M. C. A. take notice. Surely Karl Marx is not more catholic than Jesus.

A Messienist.

A recent lecturer, speaking upon the subject of Social Idealism, made use of the word "Messienist" to characterize one who interprets the life and work of Jesus from the standpoint of the kingdom of God on earth. The word has in it possibilities. It is not so full of theological associations as its Greek equivalent. It is Biblical and stands for an ideal of social service, the very essence of religion and common to all sects, Jewish and Christian.

A "Favorite Son."

Consistently with his political record, Speaker Cannon, so say the papers, took his stand at the time of the convention in opposition to those planks in the Republican platform which might be called progressive. It is marvelous how frequently men, an investigation of whose political acts reveals the fact that they are habitually found in opposition to the interests of the people, come to be known as "favorite sons."

E. D. M.

A Voice From the Pews

VI.

. . . "Whatsoever things are true, honorable, just, pure, lovely, of good report; if there be any praise, think on these things.

If way back in the days when this beautiful exhortation was written it was needful, what would the brave old writer say to us today of electricity and typewriters, when thinking on ANY subject is almost as lost an art as that of letter-writing, which has fallen into "inocuous desuetude" through the multifarious devices for rapid transit of speech, and transportation of body from one end of the country to the other in a few hours—and no silences or solitudes any place in cities, town or country. Electricity is a good thing, but like all other good things it may be overdone and frequently is. The age is too swift and strenuous for much thinking on things that are "pure, lovely and of good report," and "the world is too much with us." Our time is frittered away too often through unprofitable sociability on the part of thoughtless "friends" and frequent calls by the insidious telephone, till the quiet hour in which we might have read the good book or the fine poem, or thought "on these things" is gone.

While we are talking about thinking, have you thought of one ominous sign of the times—the numerous huge "storage" houses and "hotels" whose insistent electric signs may be seen in almost every block in our city? I say "ominous" advisedly; for without wishing to be either pessimistic or a prophet of evil, the "Voice" sees in these two structures the decline of the home with all that implies. "The servant question is responsible," say many women. "We cannot do our work, we can't get good servants, even in our fine apartment houses, and so we are *forced* to store our furniture and board."

Are we "forced" to do so? Rather do we not CHOOSE to do so rather than simplify our style of living to the point where we can secure and hold willing "helpers" and do our share of the housekeeping ourselves? Too many American men and women have become servile imitators of old-world "aristocratic" customs, and fear to be thought toilers or to be seen with "earmarks" of any kind of labor about them. They are those who seek "crowns for foreheads" instead of "sweat"—the greatest blessing bestowed on man.

"Think on these things!" How CAN we THINK when we rush hither and yon for amusement or entertainment; when to read a book of essays or sermons appeals to many about as strongly as ascending the dentist's throne, and when we voluntarily refrain from receiving any help toward high thinking and living even one day in seven by sitting one little hour under the voice of some minister, who mayhap, has spent many hours in framing *his* message to suit our peculiar needs? Not that all of religion and righteousness consists in mere church-going; but habitual church-going is such an integral factor of religion and righteousness that but very few can afford to do without the "services of the sanctuary."

"I can't afford to go to church; all that the churches want is money, and if you haven't a good sized wad you're not wanted and you're nobody; every time I go inside of a church its money wanted for this, that and the other—constant calls for money. I can't respond to the many calls; I don't like to go and *not* give, so to preserve my self-respect I stay at home. I admit I like to hear a good sermon, and Dr. So-and-

So is a mighty good preacher—but I can't go his pace; no, I tell you I can't afford to go to church!"

Hasn't that a familiar ring? Nine out of ten who do not attend church any place give that excuse for not doing so, and about five out of ten who DO go to church regularly or even sporadically grumble about the frequent calls for money, and when they DO respond do so with the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they would swallow the old-time spring dose of sulphur and molasses (bah! and also now!).

How willingly we pay the doctor of our bodies and oftentimes how grudgingly the doctor of our souls—"God's vice-gerents on earth!"

If there's anything under the sun to be had *without* money—except soul-sickness—the "voice" has not discovered it. Nothing's free; we pay for everything we get, if not in money in some other commodity. The air is free to us if we take the exertion to breathe it in, and we may have all the love of which we are worthy—if we *give* love in return. We do not expect to get material, food or clothing without paying for them, nor mutual food and recreation without paying the stipulated price, and sometimes the price is high at any figure; but when it comes to paying for spiritual food, or the "garments of righteousness," we suddenly become very economical and begin to count the cost. If we would all "come to the front" as cheerfully to advance the "kingdom of God now and here" as we lay out for theatre, lecture and luncheon tickets; or if we for a while would take cheaper seats at the former, and less expensive after-theatre suppers to say nothing of the cigars and "gew-gaws" of both sexes, the church treasuries would soon be equal to their many needs, and their activities greatly enlarged.

To those who have remained away from some "synagogue on the Sabbath day" because they could not "meet the constant demands for money" or because they were "ashamed to give only the small amount that they could afford," let me say you are in error. Of course there will always be demands for money while churches stand; for churches, like theatres and lecture halls, must pay for heat, light and service, as well as for the services of him who ministers to us, and "to send a light to those in darkness." But, as sane people usually attend plays and other forms of entertainment only as their means will allow, so should we govern our expenditures toward the church; give as cheerfully of our small allowance as our wealthier friends do out of their abundance, and still feel that we are of account. There are many ways in which we can help in the "vineyard of the Lord," even though we may not have much money to give; the "head gardener" is always needed, but what would the garden be without the "weeders" and other humble workers? And weeding is pleasant work if you do it in the proper spirit; you get the touch and the odor of the cool, sweet earth, and can feel that with every breath you are breathing in health, and that "the air and out-door sights sweep gradual gospels in."

But no! we all want to be the landscape gardener, or nothing. We become ambitious rather than aspiring, forgetting that "*all* service ranks the same with God."

Let us sit down by ourselves and think—think on things honorable, pure, of good report—and PRAISE these things. VIVA VOICE.

There is only one way to get ready for immortality, and that is to love this life, and live it as bravely and cheerfully and faithfully as we can.—*Van Dyke.*

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notes

From the Macmillan Company I have Flower O' the Orange, and other Tales, by Agnes and Edgerton Castle, whose Pride of Jennico was a noble affair, but whose Merry Rockhurst was a shiftless piece of nonsense—or worse. It is a pity that any of our readable authors will spend their time in preparing for the public such unequal work. I think you will like the present volume very much. It consists of short stories, most of which I have read and with decided satisfaction. Still, I do not place this class of work very high in the list of urgency books.

But you may take The Master of the Inn, by Robert Herrick, and published by Chas. Scribner's Sons, right to your heart. It is a little book, and it can be put in your pocket when you are going on your outing for a day. It is a charming book, with a charming thought, wrought out in language that one may enjoy. A book well written, that wraps noble thoughts to its heart.

From Macmillan Company I get Mr. Crewe's Career, by Winston Churchill. We know better than to look for anything poor from Mr. Churchill, and now for one I have learned to feel toward this author as I do toward very few. I have a personal liking for him, for his manhood, and his common sense, and his literary power. I lay down the book with a feeling that I would like to take Mr. Churchill by the hand and call him brother. This is the sort of men that we want in charge of our literature. He has not yet written a book simply to make money, nor with all his reforming tendencies, has he let loose a jangle of raw material, half digested, and likely to do its reforming backward. E. P. POWELL.

My Dream

In dreams I find a gate through which I pass
  Along a path, guarded by hollyhocks,
That threads the old time garden's tangled mass
  Of tiger-lilies, marigolds, and phlox.

I follow it until at last I stand
  Before a little house, severely white,
Whose well-worn latch I lift with eager hand,
  And cross its threshold in the waning light.

For it is always evening when I come,—
  An autumn twilight, which the neighboring sea
Chills with its breath—and for a welcome home,
  Upon the hearth the firelight laughs at me.

Beside it lies a cat in monkish frock
  Of furry gray, whose drowsy purr is all
That breaks the silence, save a busy clock,
  Speeding the parting minutes, on the wall.

Wrapped in warm peace I rest, till far away
  In the still house a gentle stir I hear,
Light footsteps through the distant chambers stray,
  Remote at first, but slowly drawing near.

Breathless I watch, while through the open door,
  The friends I lost and long for, one by one,
Gather about me in the dusk once more.
  Then my dream fades, and I awake alone.

—*Mildred Howells, in Century.*

Guido, being asked where he found the model for a great picture of a saint, called a poor old servant, worn and wrinkled and trouble-worn, and said: "Behold the man!" The master, skilled and wise, had seen the glory behind the veil, the saint behind the servant.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

REGRET OR REPENTANCE.—Under this caption a Geneva correspondent of *L'Avant-garde* gives a clear and dispassionate analysis of the religious situation in Geneva nearly a year after the adoption, by popular vote, of the law abolishing the budget of worship. An analysis all the more interesting because it may help us to a somewhat sympathetic understanding of conditions and habits of thought and feeling resulting from a history very different from our own.

The Separation was a surprise even to many of those who voted for it. Now, after nearly a year of reflection and discussion, the question is: Are there any considerable number who would like to retract their vote? An anti-separatist group is so convinced that there are, that they have determinedly launched an initiative calling for a reconsideration of the law. This initiative is receiving many signatures, the constitution permitting such a reconsideration of any popular vote. Thus the whole question is reopened and feeling runs high.

All this, notwithstanding the fact that there is still six months before the law goes into effect; that that "Committee of XIX," after prolonged and serious study of the problem, in which all tendencies have united, has prepared its draft of a constitution for the reorganized church and submitted it to a constitution assembly made up of laymen and pastors elected by popular vote.

The resulting discussion has but served to accentuate the seemingly almost irreconciliable differences of which Mr. Ferrière writes so illuminatingly in *L'Avant-garde*. There can be no understanding of Geneva history for a century past, he says, unless one bears in mind the annexation of Geneva in 1815, of certain French and Sardinian communes. This increase in her territory, which was made a condition of the admission of Geneva as the twenty-second canton of the Swiss confederation, created a unique condition, that of an organism constantly struggling against a virus, with which it had been inoculated and which it could not assimilate. Its whole subsequent history shows a clear case of social pathology due to religious poisoning.

In a fit of frenzied desperation, Geneva, in 1873, expropriated the Roman Catholic church, returning it to private life and erecting in its place a political machine known as the Old Catholic Church, a church without a flock and, one might almost say, without shepherds.

The clerical party maintained its self-possession biding its time. When it deemed that come it rose unexpectedly and with one swift stroke overthrew the whole structure of the laws of 1873. Now one may see representatives of the party that made those laws going to Bern to beg the Federal Council to remember that, by the treaty of Vienna, there is in Geneva an indissoluble connection between church and state!

A year ago it was possible to think that the vote on the Protestant side, at least, was due to a real advance in public opinion concerning the reciprocal independence of the churches and the state. It was nothing of the sort.

It was said, in the discussions preceding the vote: Vote for separation and put an end to religious controversy. To the far-seeing, on the contrary, the vote was the opening of an era of religious agitation, inevitable and necessary, and among those not blind in political matters nor near-sighted historically there were some who, by their separatist vote, assumed all the responsibility for this hour so serious and big with trying consequences. But what was not perceived by many, a year ago, is clearly seen now, namely, that in the mind of the nation, religious and political questions are not separated, and that one may even ask if in good social psychology it is possible to separate them.

In Switzerland one can not properly speak of a church of the state. When a foreigner so speaks it is evidence that the mental make-up of these little democracies is not understood. In Switzerland there are state churches, but there are everywhere what might be called, according to circumstances, a *state-church* or *church-state*. In other words, this little social democratic cell, the city or the commune, presents itself here, as in ancient times, or in the middle ages, manifesting itself now as church, now as state.

Indeed, it would not be too paradoxical to say that if a citizen of Schwytz, Lucern or Soleure is a good Catholic, it is because the soul of the commune to which he belongs is Catholic. The commune is his religious native land; the church his political fatherland. This is still more true of the Protestant communes; it is truest of all of this city, religious *par excellence*, known in history as the Protestant Rome. Such she was and such, moreover, she still *is*. Mortal as was the wound inflicted on the city of Calvin in 1815, "Old Geneva" has never from that day to this acquiesced in the acceptance, on a footing of moral equality, of the new citizens thrust upon her on a basis of political equality. . . .

How, then, came it to pass that this city was the first in the world to suddenly wrest from its people, by popular, conscious, spontaneous vote, consent to a *church-church*, a religious organism devoid alike of any political attachment or patriotic association?

The fact is it was not, at bottom, a matter of consent but of a coalition of Catholics, always foreigners in their midst, and certain honorable Protestant doctrinaires, to give the death-blow to the national institution based on the identification religion and country. That they succeeded is due to that religious indifference characteristic of modern society, but this indifference if not accidental, is transitory.

Time and space fail and I must hurry over the demonstration of how this same habit of mind manifests itself in the discussions now going on as to the basis of membership in the reorganized church between those who would have the church one to which every Protestant citizen should belong by right of birth, unless he specifically relinquishes such right, and those who would require some proof of a desire for membership, and acceptance of its faith. In other words, the conflict between the conception of the church as a living, spontaneous, organism, independent of individual adhesions, and that of those who, as these think, would reduce it to the level of an association, like a musical society or an athletic club. The nationalists say: You have secured separation, but we shall oppose the setting up of the slightest distinction between the quality of Protestant citizen and that of church member.

To this the separatists reply: What! you would refuse the right to vote in the church to strangers devout and faithful and reserve it for those who may be impious and notoriously irreligious? And each is right from his point of view, for the one in saying *church* thinks of the old free city, anti-clerical, proud and critical, which extends from St. Pierre to the Tour de l'Ile, which existed long before Calvin's day, and which he was content to baptize in the reformation; while the others think of a society of believers having its excuse for being in their mutual edification and the conversion of unbelievers.

Our author finds these two ideals hopelessly irreconciliable and is pessimistic in his conclusion. If the initiative fails and the church remains independent of the state, he deems it inevitable that it should eventually become only a sect in the midst of a largely indifferent population, while the Roman church, ever mindful of its aim, will find its way made easy to the conquest of Geneva.

If, which God forbid, the initiative is successful and the reëstablishment of an official Protestant church is brought about, the old struggle will begin again

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between the old Geneva spirit and the Romish church, and as the national Protestant church will, as a matter of fact, have lost the vitality that comes from conviction, it will not be able to successfully resist a church like that of Rome, which lives by faith in its inviolability, its universality and its eternity. M. E. H.

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The Tower Hill Summer Encampment

FOR THE SEASON OF 1908

Anticipating the questions of those who are looking for a suitable place to spend vacation months, the following statement is prepared with the approval of and after consultation with cottage owners, the resident settlers on the Hill, in whose hands the management virtually rests.

History: The site of the Tower Hill Encampment was once within the limits of a busy pioneer village and river town, Helena, Iowa County, Wisconsin, which went down with the advent of the railroad and the establishment of Spring Green, leaving Helena at one side. On the top of the bluff was situated at one time the "melting house" of a thriving shot tower (hence the name), the hot pellets falling through a shaft of some two hundred feet into a well on the level of the Wisconsin river, which sweeps around the base of the hill, where the finishing house was situated; the product was shipped by boat in the ante-railroad days down the river to St. Louis and elsewhere. The property was bought in 1890 by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, William C. Gannett and S. S. Hunting, with the double motive of rescuing a picturesque and sightly hill, with the surrounding country of great beauty, from vandal fires and wanton neglect, and with the hope of establishing a quiet retreat, where tired ministers, teachers and other city-bound people might find an escape from the noise, the hurry, the strain, the style, the exactions of fashion and the burdensome conventions of society, and for a time enjoy at minimum cost communion with nature, with a few master minds, and, when profitable, with one another. These aims have been kept strictly in view. Life on the Hill is kept very quiet and simple. The residents retire early and the privacy of the cottages is respected. "Plain Living and High Thinking" has been the aim. The men go in their shirt sleeves, women in plain calico or its equivalent, and children in their bare feet. It is no place for Saratoga trunk displays and impedimenta; fine dresses can better be displayed elsewhere.

The Encampment was laid out and the company incorporated by Robert L. Joiner, County Surveyor, and the original clearing and initial work was carried on under his direction and with the coöperation of the Lloyd Jones brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and James Philip and David Timothy, of the Hillside Valley, whose support has been an important element in the growth and strength of the Hill colony. The movement has also enjoyed from the start the coöperation and sympathy of many other neighbors in the vicinity and in the village of Spring Green.

The Plant: By virtue of certain real estate transfers made last year, the Tower Hill Pleasure Company now owns, without debt, with the exception of an unpaid bill for the reroofing of the company houses last summer, a tract of land of about sixty-five acres, effectively enclosed, abundantly shaded by native and planted trees, with an adequate reservoir, from which is piped to the various buildings the purest water, drawn from a well sunk into the Potsdam sandstone, and yielding scarcely a trace of organic matter. It owns a dining room, ice house, pavilion with a seating capacity of 250, with fireplace, class room facilities, one cottage and two long houses for rent, servants' quarters, etc., etc. All the buildings are wire screened and are insect and rain proof. Tower Hill and its river surroundings afford exceptional opportunities for the artist with paint brush or camera, or for the amateur geologist, botanist, ornithologist, etc. A well tilled garden and an adequate dairy supply the table.

Private Cottages: Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company are sold for twenty-five dollars ($25) each; this entitles the holder to a building site, the cottage being private property and subject to sale, though the title to the land remains vested in the company. At the present time the encampment contains sixteen (16) such cottages.

Finances: The expenses of the encampment consist of the wages of one man, who, in addition to the care of the property, gets up the wood, fills the ice house and maintains the garden, and the incidental expenses necessary to keep the water works and the public property in order. To meet these expenses there is paid to the company treasury an annual sustaining tax of twenty dollars ($20) from each cottage owner, and 10 per cent of the gross earnings of the dining room and laundry and the Longhouse rentals.

The Tower Hill Summer School

In the furtherance of the above object, the Summer School held its first session in 1890, its meetings for the first year being held in the school house in Hillside Valley. The Emerson Pavilion was completed and dedicated in time for the season of 1891. Since then the sessions have been held continuously on the Hill, with the exception of 1893, the World's Fair year, when the Encampment was closed and the study classes were held in Chicago in "Unity Building," a boarding home for friendly visitors to the fair, which was rented, equipped and sustained by a Tower Hill committee, and whose net earnings greatly aided in the first equipment, rendered possible by certain "loans" made by a few of the residents, which were never collected and have long since been forgiven and forgotten.

The object of this School from the beginning has been:

First, to give an opportunity for coöperative study of Bible and religious programs from a devout but progressive and scientific standpoint, with the normal school purpose of enabling the students to carry the result of their studies into Sunday School and home instruction. It was organized around the seven years' course of study in religion, printed below.

Second to deepen the acquaintance with master bards, particularly those most in need of interpretative helps and on that account most in danger of being neglected, viz., Browning, Emerson, Whitman and their fellows.

Third, such study of nature—rock, flower, insect and bird—as the surroundings invite and encourage.

Fourth, the furnishing of such popular and illustrative lectures as the resources of the Hill, the State University and other available material would offer.

Fifth, the holding of such public assemblies, Sunday gatherings, basket meetings, as would interest, socialize and edify the neighbors in that country side.

In all five of these directions the work has been carried on with increasing success, each year adding something to its potency and interest. The Grove Meeting Sundays, two or three in a season, have been greatly appreciated by a constituency representing a circle of attendance whose radius is thirty or more miles in extent.

The conductor of the School has always been Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and with the exception of the first years he has given the lessons in religion and the major part of the work in poetry. though a list of those who have assisted in the class room, with object lesson and lecture, would make a long one, too long to be here inserted; an imperfect list would be unfair.

This year's work will be given to the fifth year in the Seven Years' Course, studying the books of the New Testament in their chronological order, as follows.

CLASS IN RELIGION—FIFTH YEAR.

The New Testament.

Introductory.
John, Jesus, Paul (the three boys).
Paul's Letter to the Galatians.
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First Corinthians.
Second Corinthians.
Romans.
Philemon.
Colossians and Ephesians.
Philippians.
Mark (4 lessons).
Matthew.
Luke.
John.
Genealogy and Birth Stories.
The Beatitudes.
Sermon on the Mount.
Parables (2 lessons).
The Women of the Gospel.
The Resurrection.
The Jerusalem Beginning of the New Movement (2 lessons).
The Pastoral Epistles — I. and II. Timothy and Titus.
Epistle to the Hebrews.
The Catholic Letters I. and II. Peter, James and Jude.
I., II. and III. John.
The Book of Revelation.
The Apocryphal New Testament.
Review and farewell for the season.

The following partial list of reference books is recommended:

Bacon's "Introduction to the New Testament," "Twentieth Century New Testament," "A Wicket Gate to the Bible," with charts by W. C. Gannett; "Life in Palestine When Jesus Lived," by Carpenter; "A History of New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews.

"The Gospel and Its Earlier Interpretations," Cone; "Introduction to the New Testament," Julicher; "Jesus," Bousset; "The History of Early Christian Literature," Von Soden; "The First Three Gospels," Carpenter; "The Prophet of Nazareth," Schmidt; "The Synoptic Gospels," Cary; "Thessalonians, Corinthians, Galatians, Romans and Philippians," Drummond; "Hebrews, Colossians, Ephesians, Philemon, the Pastoral Epistles, James, Peter and Jude," Cone; "The Johannine Literature, Acts," Forbes.

"A Biblical Introduction," Bennett & Adeney; "The Apostolic Age," McGiffert; "The Formation of the New Testament," Ferris; "Christian Origins," Pfleiderer; "What Is Christianity?" Harnack; "Paul, the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher," Cone; "Mark," Solly; "History of the Higher Criticism," Nash; "History of the Textual Criticism," Vincent; "Biblical Theology of the New Testament," Gould; "Theology of the New Testament," Stevens; "Sources of Our Knowledge of the Life of Jesus," Wernle; "Beginnings of Christianity," Wernle (2 vols.); "Apologetic of the New Testament," Scott; "Jesus Christ Before His Ministry," Stapfer; "Jesus Christ During His Ministry," Stapfer; "The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ," Stapfer; "Jewish People in the Time of Christ," Schurer; "Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah," Edersheim; "Ecce Homo," Seeley; "New Testament Times in Palestine," Mathews; "Kingdom of God," Bruce; "Teaching of Jesus," Wendt; "Social Teaching of Jesus," Mathews; "The Apostle Paul," Farrar. The first four very cheap books will make an adequate equipment.

Daily Program. 8:30 to 9:30, nature studies; 11:15 to 12:30, Bible work; 7:30 to 8:30, three times a week, poetry work, special lectures; 8 p. m. No study work on Saturday. Sundays on Tower Hill not given to public meetings are days of quiet, with abstinence from boisterous games or activities that call for extra work for men or horses.

Dates and Prices

Tower Hill Encampment, July 1—September 16; Tower Hill Summer School, July 19—August 23; Women's Congress, August 21, 22, 23.

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General Information

Spring Green is the railroad, postoffice and telegraph station. It is situated on the Prairie du Chien division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, one hundred and eighty (180) miles from Chicago. Those wishing to reach the Hill with least delay should notify by letter in time for the buckboard to meet the train, though a livery at Spring Green is always accessible on short notice. For further particulars address Mrs. Edith Lackersteen, Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago.

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Leafring	1892	Miss Cordelia Kirkland
———	1894	Rett E. Olmstead
Lanier	1896	Miss R. A. Hatherell
Wahzedah	1901	Miss E. H. Walker
Welawiben	1903	Miss Bertha Howe
Blaencathal	1901	T. R. Lloyd Jones
Pine Lodge	1905	Harry Hyman
Brantwood	1905	Mrs. Mallory
Cedarknowe	1905	Granville R. Pike
Waldesruh	1905	Mrs. Irwin Rosenfels
Hotel Extreme	1892	Tower Hill Pleasure Company
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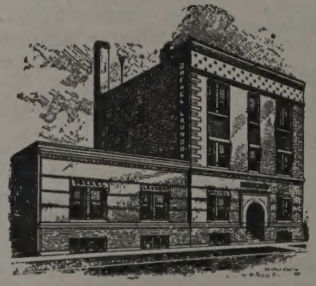

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